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Down The River



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Chapter 1 by Sami A.

In the beautiful city of Rosillana a mysterious river flows, in the mornings it turns dark red and at night it becomes so clear you are able to see its bed. The river holds great magic, is what the locals believe, they have tried to investigate but anyone who steps foot into the water is instantly dragged beneath. One day a lone traveler made his descent down the mountain from the north in an expedition for great wealth, he had heard rumors of bountiful gold and gems discovered across the south river. The lone traveler finally made it to the town of Rosillana after an exhausting descent down the mountain, all he wished was for a good nights rest, but that wasn't too likely as he was not the only one to have heard of the rumors and in so, many descended before him and had taken refuge in most of the lodges in the city, the only ones still available were too expensive for the likes of him. So the lone traveler set out to find a nice little post to put up his tent and dine. He discovered a nice patch of grass beside what seemed to be an empty channel...

Chapter 2 by Joakim



That night was the longest in the lone travellers night. He thought he heard silent screams coming from beneath the ground all night but could only think he was going mad. When he woke up the next morning...

Chapter 3 by Joakim



From the little sleep he had that night, he went down to wash his face in the water. He was still shaking from the night before but the water had a calming effect on him. He decided to wash his whole body in the clear water.

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Chapter 4 by Joakim

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He found a ledge where he could dive in from. As soon as his body hit the water he knew something was really wrong.

It was as if he had been hit by thousands screams at the same time.

Chapter 5 by Emily Finnegan



The chill of the river cloaked the man's body like thick, murky paint. His ears soon submerged in the water, the gravity much heavier beneath the surface, and he found it difficult to tread water. The screams were deafening. He twisted and contorted his head and tried to pull his arms towards the light, but much to his dismay, the water was as thick as molasses. Soon the air which filled his lungs was pushed out and the river water filled it's space.

It wasn't minutes until a dull burning sensation awoke in his lungs, and then, suddenly, he could breathe. The man gasped for the water like it was all he ever wanted. The river was deeper than thought by most, and it's depths hardly crystal clear. It's bed consisted of maroonish rocks that reflected the sunlight in a way which made the surface appear clear. He knelt down to the riverbed. Upon running his fingers over the rocks, the man discovered that the rocks were not truly maroon, but yet coated with thick, syrupy blood which condensed at the bottom of the river. He became aware that the screams were no longer screams, but distant conversations. As the current shifted, a hole in the side of the riverbed became visible. He noticed this was the source of the conversation.

Chapter 6 by Megan Matuzak



With all of the might he could muster, he grabbed the blood soaked rocks and pushed himself towards the hole in the riverbed. His fingers slipped off the rocks and panic revisited the man once more. Lowering himself closer to the rocks, he was able to skim under the river's current and make his way to the hole.

At first the top of his head felt a cool damp air, the man realized he was reaching the surface. His hands slapped a cool, rocky surface and he was able to pull himself out until only his legs were still in the water. Laving on his stomach, he began to cough up water and blood. The man began

to cry from relief and pain when he felt something grab his hands and begin to drag him out of the water. Before he could turn to see who was helping him, he was pulled out of the water, a sharp hit to the back of his head.

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Chapter 7 by Lauren



The sound of something scraping... Muffled foot steps, the scampering of small feet upon stone. Consciousness began seeping it's way back to the man. His eyelids began slowly lifting. Oddly the sound of a music box resonated off of stone walls around him. He lifted his head slowly to fully open his eyes to a very strange scene before him.

She danced, a strange woman doing some kind of odd step, slowly moved about a fire in front of him. She crooned at the flames, sang out of tune notes, and would randomly let out fits of laughter. She seemed to not be aware of his conscious state. She looked young, and oddly enough she was wearing a wedding dress...

"Pretty, got to be so pretty for Mummy!" She sang, and then laughed again and twirled around in a circle. She spotted him across the way, they both were in some cave he had never seen before, there seemed to be no way out... No door, or passage way of any kind. How did they get in here?

She skipped towards him, a large grin on her face, her veil billowing out behind her. She let out a fit of giggles and did a bit of a small dance before jumping just a few inches before him. She then looked up at him, her face young and wild looking, she was beautiful, porcelain skin and curly blond hair, she had a way of doll like innocence and beauty about her. She gazed up at him and smiled broadly, the wind then blew towards his face and he could smell nothing but death, mold, decay, age and time all rolled into one. He couldn't tell where it was coming from, he tried looking passed her, he tried moving but his arms wouldn't budge... Wouldn't budge, something was, she had tied him up. Tied him up?

"Hey... what's this about?" He said, trying again to move his arms in front of her, further emphasizing his point.

She twirled a blond curl in her hand and giggled.

"Because I'm just getting to know you..." She said with an excited singsong like voice.

"Well, maybe you don't want to get to know me," he replied with a dark undertone, trying to sound menacing.

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"Oh yes I do."

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"Believe me, you don't want to keep me here miss. You can't trust me, I've done things..."

"Oh... that's alright," she said taking a step closer, a clump of her blond curly hair fell into her hand, "I'm already dead anyway, so there's nothing you can do to me. You on the other hand... are a different story," she muttered pressing her small pointer finger into his chest while stepping even more close, wafting him again in that scent, in her scent. The smell that reminded him of the river, the putrid stench of death, thickened and aged, collecting more of it's own essence, more death, more decay, more screams...

Chapter 8 by Catherine Ryan



"No!" He yelled. The screams, the numbing pain, the smell of decay, the strangely beautiful girl that blurred the defining line between dead and alive. It was all to much. The girl puckered out a pale bottom lip.

"Aw, don't worry, darling," She crooned, running her long nails around his face. Sick shivers ran down his arms and he jerked away. She put on another disappointed face. "It'll all be over soon. When Mother comes she will make it all go away." Something about her words made his stomach clench.

"Make what go away?" He asked. The girl turned away to stoke the fire. He noticed her sprinkle powder onto it that turned the flames blue and purple momentarily. She looked onto the flames lovingly.

"Oh, nothing you should be concerned about at this moment." She replied absently. He squirmed against his bonds.

"No, tell me." He demanded. She sighed, irritation seeping into her honey voice.

"My mother is the guardian of the River. She controls the souls that float through its water. And once they are in her grasp-

"Wait, does that mean I'm dead?" He asked, voice cracking. She grinned wickedly. She revealed pearly white, dagger like teeth that could shred leather hide.

"No, you aren't dead."

"But how-"

"That's why you are here. Something is special about you. You survived. Mother wants to know. And then she will kill you." The man felt something very cold slip into his stomach.

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